

2PAC & OUTLAWS



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

STILL I RISE

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Letter To The President"

(feat. Big Syke)

[E.D.I. (2Pac):]

Uh, dear Mr. President. What's happenin'?

I'm writin' you because

Shit is still real fucked up in my neighborhood

Pretty much the same way

Right around the time when you got elected...

Ain't nothin' changed. All the promises you made, before you got elected... they ain't came true

(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)

(Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President)

Me and my homies is wonderin' what's goin' on... holla!

(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)

(Send mo' troops...)

[2Pac:]

Why should I lie when I can dramatize?

Niggas fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized

Simply by spittin' I've been blessed given riches

Enemies suspicious cuz I'm seldom in the company of bitches

Plus the concepts I depict so visual that you can kiss

Each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick

My heaviest verse'll move a mountain

Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin'

Fuck the friendships, I ride alone

Destination: Death Row – finally found a home

Plus all my homies wanna die; call it euthanasia

Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us

Sincerely yours, I'm a thug, the product of a broken home

Everybody's doped up, nigga, what you smokin' on?

Figure if we high they can train us

But then America fucked up and blamed us

I guess it's cause we black that we targets

My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit

In case you don't know I let my pump go

Get it ride for Mutulu like I ride for Geronimo

Down to die for everything I represent

Meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Oh you's a baller in the White House, I hope you comfortable

Cause yo', I spend my nights out, with the lights out

Under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and the heartless

And young soul bros, ready to rode a starship

[?], leave a nigga flat for scratch

The Godless, I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that
Wanna ban rap? - Stand back, before you get hurt
It's the only thing nigga pay the paper besides smoke and work
On a mission, listen [?] with precision
First made my decision, I realized this ain't livin'
Trippin' to drastic measures, tryin' to get stacks of cheddar
Motherfuckers hate cops, wait, it ain't gettin' better
But you keep tellin' us that it is
While your motherfuckin' troops keep killin' our kids
Dig, don't be surprised if you see us
Dumpin' with nothing but artillery to free us, motherfucker

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Dear Mr. President, tell us what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Kastro:]

Strapped and angry, with no hope, and heart-broke
Fightin' first my trained brain until it's not so
It's hostile, niggas lick shots to watch the Glocks glow
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets
To people beefin' and things squeakin' on they beefs for weeks
Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care
For a struggler out the gutter, 22 with gray hair
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share
'Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here
Me and these 223's will freeze the biggest with ease
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees
And I've been born to represent, for that I've been heaven-sent
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[E.D.I. Mean:]

Shit is still fucked up, y'all. And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better, and it ain't gon' get better

[2Pac:]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up...

[2Pac:]

Heavenly Father, may I holla at you briefly?
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?
Is he scared to look inside the eyes of a thug nigga?
We tired of being scapegoats for this capitalistic drug dealin'
How hypocritical is Liberty?
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me
My history full of casket and scars
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars
And they wonder why we scarred, 13 lookin' hard
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?

Somewhere in the middle of my mind
Is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin', "Let him die!"
Can't lie, I'm a thug, drownin' in my own blood
Lookin' for the reason that my momma's strung out on drugs
Down to die for everything I represent
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[Big Syke:]
Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin' low?
Y'all sniffin' blow and postin' what they hittin' fo'?
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid
Look what you made, little kids gettin' sprayed
Day after day, and night after night
Battles and wars to the daylight
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin'
'Til then we gonna keep it comin', Mr. President
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]
Word motherfuckin' life, what the fuck this nigga think?
Cuttin' taxes, takin' off welfare
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin'?!
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin' scout
Nigga, this Thug Life, Westside, Outlaw Immortalz
Nigga, we finna hustle 'til we come up

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. Clinton, shit (send mo' troops)... it's gettin' harder and harder for a motherfucker to make a dollar in
these here streets
I mean shit (send mo' troops), I hear you screamin' peace
But we can't find peace
'Til my little niggas on these streets get a piece (send mo' troops)
I know you fear me cause you too near me not to hear me
So why don't you help a nigga out? (send mo' troops)
Sayin' you cuttin' welfare
That got us niggas on the street, thinkin' who in the hell care? (send mo' troops)
Shit, y'all want us to put down our Glocks and our rocks
But y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin' dollars (send mo' troops)
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool? (send mo' troops)
We ain't stupid, think you got us lookin' to lose
Tryin' to turn all us young niggas into troops (send mo' troops)
You want us to fight your war, what the fuck I'm fightin' for? (send mo' troops)
Shit, I ain't got no love here
I ain't had a check all year, taxin' all the blacks (send mo' troops)
Police beatin' me in the streets... fuck peace!
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops..troops..troops..troops!

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Still I Rise"

(feat. Ta'He)

[Kastro]

Dear Lord, as we down here, struggle for as long as we know
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only place to go, the only place for us
I know, try to make the best of bad situations
Seems to be my life's story
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain
And can't nobody live this life for me
It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

[2Pac]

Somebody wake me, I'm dreamin'
I started as a seed, the semen
Swimmin' upstream, planted in the womb while screamin'
On the top was my pops, my mama screamin' stop
From a single drop, this is what they got
Not to disrespect my peoples, but my papa was a loser
Only plan he had for mama was to fuck her and abuse her
Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me
Stranded on welfare, another broken family
Now what was I to be? A product of this heated passion
Mama got pregnant and papa got a piece of ass
Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me
Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me
How can I survive? Got me askin' white Jesus
"Will a nigga live or die?" cause the Lord can't see us
In the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no sunshine
No sunny days and we only play sometimes
When everybody's sleepin'
I open my window, jump to the streets and get to creepin'
I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone
I'm only 19, I'm tryna hustle on my own
On the spot where everybody and they pops tryna slang rocks
I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game stops
Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to dawn
You can buy rocks, Glocks or a herringbone
You can ask my man, he's a mind reader
Keep my 9 heater all the time, this is how we grind
Meet up at the cemetery then get smoked out
Pass the weed, nigga! That Hennessey'll keep me keyed, nigga
Everywhere I go niggas holla at me, "Keep it real, G"
And my reply 'til they kill me: "Act up if you feel me!"
I was born not to make it, but I did
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise

[Ta'He]

Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

[Yaki Kadafi]

I stay sharp as always

Runnin' your bricks with blitz, through your project hallways
Dumpin' crews like two's, nigga, all day
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst
A life that's lavish, full of cabbage or a life that's in a hearse
But now my dreams, it seems though
Be placin' triple beams and things, bro
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin' out my jeans

[Napoleon]

Now I plan to keep my Glock cocked
If trouble was searchin' for me, then why not?
Show 'em what I'm made of, plus raised on, on my block
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street
Thugs snatchin' bags, we out for power, makin' cash
It wasn't fast, it'll make me mad, I'm just like him
My homie on the corner with his gat tucked in
Youngins, they buckin' somethin'
The life he lead's the life he don't need, don't we all know?
He tryin' to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise

[Young Noble]

Dreams of lost hope
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke
And still I rise, now I float, cowards ghost
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin' down
Clutchin' a pound, live as sirens, duckin' the sound
I used to hustle with my moms 'til the sun came
My homie Harm doin' time from this drug game
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block
Crackheads only 10 learn to duck cops

[Yaki Kadafi]

In '96 my Glock's my plastic, passion for blastin' bastards
No faces for open caskets, peelin' your cap backwards
You cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice
I send my missiles through your mattress
Leavin' holes in your body like a cactus
While me and my crew be boppin' more greens than topic
And loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin' jeans poppin'
Leavin' your spleen to pick up
Half of you niggas is softer than a Snicker
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker
And still I rise, and still I rise...

[Ta'He]

Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

Y'all niggas fake, all day everyday
So now I got roller blades, bitch

Thought you knew
Your mouth is rich
C'mon pops, let's go!

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to ice_dursu, JG for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Secretz Of War"

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[E.D.I. Amin:]

War time, war time, it's either yours or mine
Outlawz be on the grind and a mission to shine
And ride on 'em, leave 'em stuck and fucked from the gate
Set it straight, regulate, with a bomb I'm about to detonate
Boom! Hesitate? Aww, now you know what
Ya'll niggas were here to go if you know it was good for ya
Bunch of toy soldiers all dressed in fatigue
But I'm E.D.I. Amin on a mission to make 'em bleed
Nigga what? Nigga who? It was cool? And at you?
What the fuck is you gonna do? Barbecue and boo-hoo
Ride or die, get money, all at the same time
Split the pie with the homie, ball at the same time
Any nigga slippin', fall at the same time
We all links in the chain, tryin' to gain, do time
We all see the sunshine, but when you could do yours
We'll bring these motherfuckers war

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[2Pac:]

As I approach the scene
From smokin' green got my eyes closed
Niggas so cold on my foes, I make 'em die froze
Watch me make 'em bleed, makin' G's, Lord, help me with it
Got me paintin' pictures of a meal ticket, help me get it
See me and pray for options, but the pressures nonstop
Niggas get the pistol poppin' and watch his body drop
I'm a lethal threat, watch me hit your set, flash on
Blast on them bitch-made niggas with my mask on
Do it for profit, plus I'm lookin' for punks to bust on
If you ain't screamin' "Westside!" you can get the fuck on
I'm seein' demons, hittin' weed, got me hearin' screamin'
Scared to go to sleep, watch the scene like a dope fiend
Probably be punished for it, though you can't ignore it
I live the life of a thug nigga, and die for it
Niggas pass the clip and watch me bring 'em to the floor
Got some shit that they ain't ready for: I got the secrets of war

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[Yaki Kadafi:]

We do this thug life shit, like 4, 5, 6, stick 'em
Down with no rounds left up in the pound when the sounds
Squeeze the lead off, I blow his motherfuckin' head off
Signal all the other outlawz to get this shit set off
Yaki Kadafi, it ain't a cop here to stop me
These streets is black hockey and raw, we get sloppy
Put a pamper on your silly ass prestyle grammar, locked in the slammer, while I'm laid cocked back like a hammer
Ya'll newly weds that in honey moons, times 'bout up, y'all
That means I leave no trace found with you face, bounce stuck
Your pig scanners can't come close touch or even hit me
Doin' my dirt, puttin' in work, you see shit, what you gon' do?

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[Young Noble:]

Check the murder rate percentage, niggas is finished
Get blood checks from clinics, this thug shit is in us
Flowin' through my system, you a victim
Blunts, I twist 'em. Fuck the whole world, it's us against them
You got some heat? Pull it out, cock the hammer if you with it
Don't make no difference here with the 25-to-life sentence
We already doin' life on the streets
Like Al G., niggas be heated when they walkin' the beat
This shit is flaky, makin' backs shaky, niggas hate me
Scared to face me, knowin' that the Outlawz blaze me
Pull me up on game, put me up on a hustle
Once I suck my money muscle, all the G's got devils
Movin' shit like a dollar, beatin' niggas like Rodney
Turn a killer like Kadafi, and a nuke stream to stop me

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Man it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[2Pac (E.D.I.):]

(Bring it on), and all you lil' young ass soldiers
You play this shit back about 15 times (talk about it)
You'll have enough game to roll up in a club or somethin' (e'ry body tough)
Teach these bitches a lil' somethin'
You know what I mean? Secrets of muthafuckin' war...

Writer(s): Washington, Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Johnny Lee Jackson, Bruce

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Baby Don't Cry (Keep Ya Head Up II)"

(feat. H.E.A.T.)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

I feel you (uh), baby don't
But you can't, you can't give up
H.E.A.T., 2Pac with Outlawz!

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (Outlawz)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (Keep ya head up)

[2Pac:]

Now here's a story 'bout a woman with dreams
So picture perfect at 13, an ebony queen
Beneath the surface it was more than just a crooked smile
Nobody knew about her secret so it took a while
I could see a tear fall slow down her black cheek
Sheddin' quiet tears in the back seat; so when she asked me
"What would you do if it was you?"

Couldn't answer such a horrible pain to live through
I tried to trade places in the tragedy
I couldn't picture three crazed niggas grabbin' me
For just a moment I was trapped in the pain
Lord, come and take me
Four niggas violated, they chased and they raped me
Even though it wasn't me, I could feel the grief
Thinkin' with your brains blown that would make the pain go
No! You got to find a way to survive
'Cause they win when your soul dies

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

Baby please don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got yo' head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry...

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Forget him, girl, he ain't gon' never change
I ain't no hater but that nigga lost in the game
After the bright lights and big thangs
He probably could love you, but he in love with the struggle
Everyday, his mind on gettin' mo'
And never your feelings, he's chasin' millions for sho'

Uh oh, now you 'bout to have his baby?
Another wild-ass nigga that's gon' drive you crazy
You got too much mo' livin' to do – I'm spittin' this to you
'Cause you deserve more than what he givin' to you
Beautiful, black, precious, and complicated
A new millennium dime piece, so fine she
Got 'em all stuck standin' still when she come through
Baby, take a little mo' time, love'll find you
And sho' as the sky's blue somebody other than me
Gon' give you everythin' you need, feel me? (Don't cry-ah...)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (you'll be alright)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no... oh)
Baby don't cry...

[Young Noble:]

I'm tryin' to do all that I can
From jump, now you losin', you was choosin' the wrong man
Dealt the wrong hand, you was young and beautiful
Lost and turned out, what you let that nigga do to you?
I knew her since elementary, she blew a kiss to me
Wrote me a note in crayon, wantin' to get with me
We was kids, now she got three kids
They see their father e'ryday, and they don't know who he is
Seen him last night, homie roll a E-class
Mad cheese in the stash, still a deadbeat dad
I bring her Pampers and food, just to stop through
But those ain't my seeds, nothin' really I could do
I feel pity for you, you ain't even his wife
Seventeen with three kids, locked down for life
Should've chose me, she 'bout to OD from the pressure
Hell nah, I won't let her (BABY..)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)

Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no.. oh)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry!
(you'll be right)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry

[E.D.I. Amin:]
For all the ladies (Soulshock, Karlin)
Baby don't cry! Got to keep your head up
(Keep your head up)
Makaveli lives on (head up) aight?

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to ashley for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"As The World Turns"

[2Pac:]

As the world turns...

As the world turns my niggas grow and grow and grow
And get dough and roll and ride
Niggas die and mommas cry
Niggas got alibis and suicides and homicides
And three strikes and yo' life and my life and times change
And niggas fame, as the world turns...

[2Pac:]

Though I walk through the valley of Hell the shadow follows me. Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow, expect
apologies

You probably panic, stranded in search of a better planet
Realism hard to understand, we stand slanted
And still stranded. Merciless thieves stole the best of me
I pray to black Jesus to please take the rest of me
And still, the best of us build and reach monetary gains
Some of us kill, but still, most of us can change
If we search deeper
God bless the hustler, curse the first sleeper
Enemies get beside me, flows go deep as Poseidon
When we ride, plots keep all my enemies blinded
Time will soon show, a thought can last for years
Outshinin' your fake smiles, plastic tears
Like last year, niggas stuck in the past, and it's clear
Just some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year
Makaveli for the mob, M.O.B
Killin' busters is my motherfuckin' job, him or me
Lyrically fatally driven, niggas reported missin'
My competition dead or in prison, as the world turns...

[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]

As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns, and steady turnin'
(Turns, turns, turns, turns and turns
My niggas grow and grow and grow
And gettin' dough and dough and dough
From this state to that state
From this cell to that cell, as the world turns)

[Young Noble:]

As the world turn, burnin' paths, starin' through my rearview
It's a war goin' on, and the President is here too
I hear 2Pac sayin', "Watch 'em, they'll kill you."
Sippin Thug Passion, scrub actin' like he feel you
Steady plottin', ready or not; Outlawz lost but not forgotten
From Gittere to Compton, a spitter of the hotness
Long time, since like six I ain't never been rich
I need cream to buy Ellene a dream house
She no longer fiend out y'all, Outlaw!

[Napoleon:]

Another lonely nigga with a 12-gauge pump, with a 12-hour rush to run and get this money, fuck these punks!

Road rules, I swim in the dirt, I stay in some skirt

I hit where it hurts, I ride or die for my turf

I ride or die for Makaveli, the legendary war thug nigga

Kadafi better unslug this nigga, Seike betta undrug this nigga

Out of the buildin', we street children with no souls

Our hearts gon' stay cold, the war gon' stay on

We serve 'em, like 'Pac told us to, catch 'em wreck with the TEC

Hit 'em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to

Napoleon: the front line soldier, front times over

Rider for the mighty dollar, rather drunk than sober

Nigga talkin' thug walkin' all through yo' squad

Y'all niggas scared by a dog, I got my 44 for y'all

It's like a hot-heated day, homie

Warfare, don't play, homie, better be prepared

Then try to duck away from these strays, homie

Worlds turn, things burn, all in one shot. Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers, all that we got, as the world turns...

[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]

As the world keeps turnin' round and round

(And my niggas roll and ride, hahaha)

It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'

(Niggas gettin' swell out, and it don't stop and it don't quit

That real shit!) (real shit)

As the world keeps turnin' round and round

(How many you niggas try for this?)

It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns (as the world turns)

(Murderin' methods.. haha, OUTLAW!)

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Only haters caught feelings when my homie caught millions

And acquired the desired status of boss livin'

We cross driven, cornered into a life that's hellish

Payin' our dues with bloodshed, ain't shit y'all could tell us

Fellas – mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now

Two worlds collidin', armies ridin', soldiers gone wild

Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth

I sought too for family, but I got it lost in these ounces

Now, as the world turns court adjourns, I'm sentenced to burn

The cost of my sins too much, nothin' left to earn

[Kadafi:]

October 9th 1977 first day out my baby carriage

Married my MAC-11 hit the block playin'

Only five years up in this bitch, papa runnin' from the feds

Puttin' peanut butter on the walls to hide his prints

Me on my own, not yet grown, but only man of the home

To protect my zone in these streets I roam

Dough on d-low, downin' straight shots of Cristal Brothers

100 dollar snot box on cee-lo, fuck eighth

I need a kilo, got a plot, move my block down state

Got the drop on the spot, movin' pounds of weight

Fuck my fate and lots of loot to burn, a hustler's yearn

For this dirty money earned as this crooked world turns

[Overlapped — Darryl 'Big D' Harper:]
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns...
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns...
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
As the world keeps turnin' round and round

[2Pac & Napolean:]
Hahaha... as the world turns...
And turns and turns and turns... haha. This for the soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle
Hopin' to bubble, keep on hustlin', as the world turns
Money come and go, hoes come and go, foes come and go, friends come and go... my soldiers stay eternal
Outlaw Immortalz, dedicated
I send this to black Jesus, only he can feed us
When you need us, as the world turns
Throw this shit in the deck, hahah
Niggas gettin chin checked
From the East to the West, best to wear a vest
Nigga we ain't the ones to test, fuck you!
As the world turns... Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us
Camillion, wanna make a million
Haha legit, as the world turns, haha... burn, baby, burn

(A lot of niggas get burned as the world turns
A lot of niggas gettin' burned as the world turns
Gettin' burned as the world turns)

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell, Fula Yafeu A, Washington Bruce

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Black Jesuz"

(feat. Val Young, Storm)

[2Pac (Kadafi):]

Searchin' for Black Jesus
Oh yeah, sportin' jewels and shit, yaknahmean?
You can be Christian
Straight tatted up
(Straight Jehovah witness)
No doubt
(Islamic)
No doubt man
(Me, I'm a thug; thugs, we praise Black Jesus, all day)
Young Kadafi in this bitch, set it off nigga.
What?

[Kadafi:]

I do my shootings on a knob, prayin' to God for my squad
Stuck in a nightmare, hopin' he might care
Though times is hard, up against all odds, I play my cards
Like I'm jailin', shots hittin' up my spot like midnight rains hailin'
Got me bailin' to stash more greenGods; they ain't tryin' to be trapped
On no block slangin' no rocks like bean pies
Brainstorm on the beginnin'
Wonder how shit like the Qu'ran and the Bible was written
What is religion?
God's words or a curse like crack?
Shai-tan's way of gettin' us back
Or just another one of my Black Jesus' traps

[Storm:]

Who's got the heart to stand beside me?
I feel my enemies creepin' up in silence
Dark prayer, scream violence - demons all around me
Can't even bend my knees just a lost cloud; Black Jesus
Give me a reason to survive, in this earthly hell
Cause I swear, they tryin' to break my well
I'm on the edge lookin' down at this volatile pit
Will it matter if I cease to exist? Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus
He's like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus

[Young Noble:]

Outlawz we got our own race, culture, religion
Rebellin' against the system, commence to lynchin'

The President ain't even listenin' to the pain of the youth
We make music for eternity, forever the truth
Political prisoner, the two choices that they givin' us
Ride or die, for life they sentence us
Oh Black Jesus, please watch over my brother Shawn
Soon as the sky get bright, it's just another storm
Brothers gone, now labeled a statistic
Ain't no love for us ghetto kids, they call us nigglets
History repeats itself, nuttin new
In school I knew, e'rything I read wasn't true
Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

To this click I'm dedicated, criminal orientated
An Outlaw initiated, blazed and faded
Made for terror, major league niggas pray together
Bitches in they grave while my real niggas play together
We die clutchin' glasses, filled with liquor bomblastic
Cremated, last wishes niggas smoke my ashes
High sigh why die wishin', hopin' for possibilities
I'll mob on, while they copy me sloppily
Cops patrol projects, hatin' the people livin' in them
I was born an inmate, waitin' to escape the prison
Went to church but don't understand it, they underhanded
God gave me these commandments, the world is scandalous
Blast 'til they holy high; baptize they evil minds
Wise, no longer blinded, watch me shine trick
Which one of y'all wanna feel the degrees?
Bitches freeze facin' Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus

[Kastro:]

Some say, some day, some how, some way, we gon' fail
And it ain't hard to tell, we dwell in hell
Trapped, black, scarred and barred
Searchin' for truth, where it's hard to find God
I play the Pied Piper, and to this Thug Life, I'm a lifer
Proceed, to turn up the speed, just for stripes
My Black Jesus, walk through this valley with me
Where we, so used to hard times and casualties
Indeed, it hurt me deep to have to sleep on the streets
And haven't eaten in weeks, so save a prayer for me
And all the young thugs, raised on drugs and guns
Blazed out and numb, slaves to this slums
This ain't livin'... Jesus

[Background overlapped singing:]

We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel

Black Jesus!
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!

[Kastro:]
Searchin' for Black Jesus
It's hard, it's hard
We need help out here
So we searchin' for Black Jesus
It's like a Saint, that we pray to in the ghetto, to get us through
Somebody that understand our pain
You know maybe not too perfect, you know
Somebody that hurt like we hurt
Somebody that smoke like we smoke
Drink like we drink
That understand where we comin' from
That's who we pray to
We need help y'all

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Homeboyz"

[2Pac:]

Oh shit, caught that nigga alone. Ain't that a bitch?

Hey, uh, this one here is, uh for them niggas that be Johnny Dangerous when they be fuckin' 50 deep

But they be fuckin' cowards when they by theyselves

You know who I'm talkin' about

You know who I'm talkin' about, that's right

You ain't shit without your homeboys

You ain't shit without your homeboys

You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]

Now, everytime I see you cats is rollin' in packs

For the life of me I cannot see why you don't know how to act

Love to clown when you deep, but when you on that solo creep out on the streets you don't hear a peep

Nigga, it's a God damn shame, somebody explain

Why they sent a Bad Boy to play a grown man's game?

Tear that ass out the frame, completely get that ass kicked

Woke up on the street, but you'll be sleepin' in the casket

How long will it last? Nigga, don't ask, just be first to blast

Outlaw on the mash, tryin' to be the first to see some cash

My shit's classic, like my nigga Nate

Go get the tape, we keep the nation anticipatin' until we break

Money made me evil, court cases got me stressed

Niggas aimin' at my head, but I still wear my vest

I don't give a fuck, motherfuckers, I'm loc

They all duckin' when my gun smoke

You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]

You probably run at the sound of funk

I give a fuck, you niggas is punks

Without your homeboys you be the first to reach in your trunk

You scary niggas is punks

You ain't shit without your homeboys, nigga

(Punk ass.. that's right motherfucker)

You ain't shit without your homeboys

(Throw your hands up you little trick)

(a squared.. coward motherfucker)

[Young Noble:]

Like Yak said, how the fuck you gonna shoot me rocks?

When you got the Outlaw Pac shittin' your box

You was lookin' real weak walkin' down the street

Now a nigga 30 deep, oh, you wanna beef?

Talk cheap, shoot a nigga the fair one

Your homies like fuck it – what's this? You the only scared one

Damn, son, close call I bet

Now down around the way you gets no respect

They like that Outlaw nigga played you out

We could have took it to the fists, I would have laid you out

Niggas be actin' all different when they dogs come around
Watch 'em act like bitches when Outlawz draw down
They all clown, better yet they all stunned
You the type to have a gun and never blazed it once
Get y'all banana split, you ain't Emmanuel
Outlawz you'll never forget, Makaveli the Don get a call y'all
Turnin these streets into Vietnam
Where your homeboys?

[2Pac:]

You ain't shit without your homeboys
My thug niggas, I love niggas
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers (without your homboys)
The only thing a nigga got left
I love my niggas to death, we ain't shit without our homeboys
(You know what time it is)
I ain't shit without my homeboys
(Hey, tell 'em the story how you came up, nigga)

[2Pac:]

Now, I was born alone, took my first joint and I got high alone
Now I'm an Outlaw nigga, I never die alone
Me and my niggas is so close, it's complicated
One nigga smokin' and drinkin', and yet we all faded
My nigga Edi had a son, we all happy
Cause now that little ridah got to deal with eight daddies
My niggas cry, we all cry, and all ride
To rectify the problem, motherfuckers, they all die
Been tryin' to make a million by hustlin since my adolescence
From crack dealin' to rap villain, my new profession
Who wanna see me at eight deep, fuck 3D
You coward ass motherfuckers'll never see me
Bustin' with automatic straps, my raw raps like good crack
Niggas fiendin', I got 'em comin' back. Until I die, they label me as a ridah forever, my niggas be together

Ain't shit without your homeboys
Thug niggas, I love niggas
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers
Without your homeboys
The only thing a nigga got left
I love my niggas to death
We ain't shit without our homeboys
(without our homeboys)
Love my niggas to death
I ain't shit without our homeboys
Love you niggas to death
We ain't shit without our homeboys

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Hell 4 A Hustler"

Get on yo knees nigga, get on yo knees and pray

[2Pac:]

Increase the doses, bust on whoever closest
Thug livin', hell of prison, never losin' my focus
I'm makin' money moves mandatory, end of discussion
My past records tell a story, picture niggas with rushin'
And still bustin', 'til the cops come runnin', duck in abandoned buildings
Ditchin' my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin' villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legitly
So I laugh til I'm cryin', when the Lord come get me
No baby momma drama, nigga missed me
Why plant seeds in a dirty bitch waitin' to trick me
Not the life for me, livin' carefree 'til I'm buried
And if they dare me, I'll bust on them niggas, and until they scurry
I'm clearly a man of military means, to my artillery
Watchin' over me through every murder scene
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die
Sellin' dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry
And still, we try to change the past in vain
Never knowin' if this game will last, feelin' the shame
Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin' my soul
Got tired of small time livin' nigga tellin' me no
I got mine, fuck them other suckas
That's the mentality, jealous ass bustas make it hell for a hustler

[2Pac & Yaki Kadaifi:]

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[Edi Mean:]

Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness
If I fail, then I suffer, bein' broke is hell 4 a hustler
So I stay strugglin' and jugglin' with all the might I can muster
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in
One's five's and ten's was funny money
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough
What you thought? "all" is for lost homies in plenty battles
Last two years shed plenty tears and I'll send plenty at you
Let me catch you slippin' you soft niggas is outta here
In case you forgot we on the same shit that got us here

[Young Noble:]

Yo, to e'ry step I take, e'ry sell I make
E'ry jail I break, e'ry mill' I ate
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest
On the block duckin' charges, nigga fuck the sergeant
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke
Listen tho' I'm missin' dough I gotta gather mo'
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words
for all my young thugs in jail in Jerz
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son
Dyin' luck none supply us with much guns
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya
Slangin' cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]

No insanity plea from me, I ride the beef 'til I burn
Censor me and bar your kids from the lessons I learned
And in turn I'm hostile, guess you can recall me antisocial
Niggas shakin' like they caught the Holy Ghost when I approach
Try to politic before I smoke 'em, like Sun Tzu
Niggas do unto these snitches, before it's done to you
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening
Best believe they comin' for my dogs in the morning
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug
Tell me will my niggas mourn me? Gettin' blowed out
High watch me murder the bird before he testify
Strikes walkin' close to my third, I live a troubled life
And if you dream, be a part of my team from Long Beach to Queens
Drug dealers to ex-fiends
Keep yo eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustas
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell for a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]

This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild 'til they all die
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side

In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild until they all die, outlaw
Yes, change my ways yes, the Black Jesuz guide us through this
Weary weary weary aight, only God can save us

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to hihohelda for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"High Speed"

[E.D.I. Amin:]

High speed

For all my niggas livin' in the rush

Slow it down just a notch baby

It's goin' be alright, it's goin' be alright

[2Pac (E.D.I. Amin):]

Life at high speed, life at high speed

Fuck the punishment, Thai weed

(Buy me a gun), liquor and puffin' Thai weed

[2Pac:]

I live life High Speed

Slightly disillusioned by weed

I breed thug muthafuckas even worse than me

When I bleed, my enemies best to flee quickly

Harm me, my army

Niggas decease swiftly

Look at you now, why you wanna act out?

I pull the hammer back

Strike wit' a cannon that'll blow yo muthafuckin' back out

They blast but I'm still standin'

Slightly scarred

Deep questions for the lord "Why he don't like me, god?"

So, though my life was hard with no remorse

I absorb all lessons, provide protection for the boss

Rollin' in my double R, rugged and ruthless

Keep a vest through these hard times, knowin' it's useless

And my crew, we crooked, be mistaken for Jewels

We all about our cash, blast if you break the rules

Fools turned snitch for the D.A., be heaven-sent

Switched like a stone-bitch, turned state's evidence, why?

Then they wonder why niggas die

Put your family in danger, just to get high

Now, what the hell can we get from jail?

More tricks for the crime trade, this is hell

Bail out, a thug nigga fresh out the jailhouse

Open your safe count and take all the mail out

Whatever happens happens

Whoever falls dies

We fresh out of time, livin' blind, so we all ride

In times like these, chronic or Thai weed

Puffin' through this high speed

And people say...

[2Pac:]

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?

I'm gonna buy me a gun

Then what's next?

Food and sex, house parties in the projects

We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[*Yaki Kadaifi:*]
Verbal assassin, I hit the corner fast, blastin'
Hot plastic stretch your chest plate back like elastic
No need to push me to split ya
I love beef, like pussy and pistols
For all you pussies that's softer than tissue
I ride by like the fall guy out the roof
Bustin' at you wise guy, gettin' high, sippin' hundred proof (yeah)
Give me the joints low to verdict wit' mine
Get that ass attacked, murdered, and robbed, blind from behind
Rapid shots pourin'
Catchin' niggas while they snorin'
Kickin' his door in
I'll leave your whole fuckin' family in mournin'
Bust me, you itchy-bitchy types can't touch me
Frontin' like you're hard
I'll play your fuckin' yard like a trussel

[*2Pac:*]
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[*E.D.I. Amin:*]
At times, I look through times wit' so much anger
Wonderin' why it keeps on passin', pushin' me into danger
No stranger to hard times or the good ones
At times I'm amazed
At what the motherfuckin' hoods done
What we do to get paid
All day, for the almighty, dollar
Don't even bother to holla
We all destined to be swallowed
By the same thing we lust for
Threw away our morals and values and dust more
Niggas is dying tomorrow
We, bailing on borrowed times
Nigga the clocks tickin'
Approachin' is the day you gonna need money or Glocks spittin'
Cops sittin', politicians passin' laws you ain't know what
Soon that money gon' be illegal when you die to
Keep your dough up

But I ain't goin' tell you "what?" to stop chasin' paper
Man, I'm just like y'all, I worry 'bout that shit later
Put the metal to the pedal, slash up nigga, blaze
Let's get blowed out high speed 'til the end of my days
Now my people say

[2Pac:]

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[2Pac:]

High speeds (we goin' all night)
Life of an Outlaw, ghetto stars (we goin' all night)
(Yes) I'm gonna buy me a gun
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
For my niggas on the West Side and the East Side
And the NorthSide and the SouthSide
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From Compton to Jersey
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Gettin' it real hard
Niggas in Michigan, (M.O.B nigga, M.O.B)
From Atlanta, Georgia to Utah
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From St. Louis to Alabama
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
From Mississippi to Oakland, from San Francisco to San Diego
Seattle to Florida
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
Maine to Mass, haha
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

Food and sex
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
High speeds
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
Outlawz with that rough shit, baby!

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Learn about it

Pac you goin' rap?

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Thanks to chris2188 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"The Good Die Young"

[2Pac:]

These some hard times we livin' in
Churches burnin', planes fallin' from the sky
Murder, the good die young
Hahaha, the good definitely die young
This is a lil' somethin'
To help you get through the day
If it could

[2Pac:]

It was more than a tragedy, emotions be grabbin' me
Plane fell from the sky, we tryna figure what happened
Burnin' churches, fearin' God, who can be so cruel
We all ignorant to AIDS 'til it happens to you
Just be a man, make plans, listen to your voice
A woman's tryin' to make decisions, we should leave them a choice
Cause who we to say who lives and die, breathes and stops
All this judgement on other lives needs to stop
What are we livin' for, givin' more back than takin'
On my knees still waitin' for my own salvation
Now I feel abandoned cause Pat Buchanan say I'm greedy
You can take my taxes, send me to war but can't feed me
It's so easy to regret thangs after they done
Babies catchin' murder cases scared to laugh in the Sun
The tragedies that we all need, love in doses
In times like these we feel closest the good die young

Does anybody have an answer why

(it times like these we feel closest)

It seems the good die young (the good die young)

Can anybody tell me why

(rest in peace, god bless the dead, and we carry on huh)

Can anybody tell me why

(the good die young)

Does anybody have an answer why (I ain't Quincy Jones)

It seems the good die young

(the good die young)

Does anybody tell me why

(Now we hear from the future, the next generation, tell me)

Does anybody tell me why

[Napolean:]

Now in my world will it get worse

When I been trapped since birth

But I had to sleep in a hearse, cause it was my bed first

My grands probably burnin' turnin' in they grave

Some folks ain't even get to see a high age

But they did, so I ain't afraid

And this money got me feelin' like a star

And this murder got me feelin' like my death ain't far

And the land of stolen cars, don't get no better
Don't get no weaker or no harder
I was raised in a rush without my moms and my, father
So tell me somethin'
If I grab my gat and get the dumpin'
Would God get to lookin' at me funny uhaha
Rest in peace to my mother Aquillah Beale
Rest in peace to my father Salek Beale
Rest in peace to my grandparents
And thug in peace to my brother Seike
You know I love you

[Young Noble:]

Which is worst, first Storm and then Al
Pac and then Yak
Regrey Brown
Coulda' sworn I seen ya face in a cloud
Family grievin' on your last breath
Close to the heart whether you know it or not
I swear the love won't stop
Jewel, that's my boo, Mom, Duke and Nu
From jump you kept it true
Helped to feed the crew
The good die young
Livin' fast jumpin' the gun
Mama blamin' the community for killin' her son
My cousin Darren wasn't scared of goin'
But never knowin' he was dyin' slower
I guess I see ya when I see ya soulja

Does anybody have an answer why (answer why)
It seems the good die young
Can anybody tell me why (tell me why!)
Can anybody tell me why

[Kastro:]

I know my life ain't promised
That's why the wise move in silence
Analyze these scandalous times
It's hard dogg but we managed
Schools turn to war zones
Even homes unsafe
Leavin' children to play caged and raged they hate
How come!, someone explain "why the good die young"
Why the bad die slow and outlive everyone
It's time somethin' is done
For our young kids
They growin' hopeless
That ain't the way to live
Tell me why

[E.D.I. Mean:]

Days go past and as they pass, time move, quicker
No time for wastin', put your hustle down my young dealers
Cause the end is nearer
But at least that's what they tellin' me

Hell, all I know brothers ain't ridin' 4-3 felony's

It's time to plan, plot, and strategize

Capitalize, mobilize

We in the war y'all

It's for all y'all

My family to the ones that stand me

Little bit mo' love is what's recommended

Yeah, and it's plain to see (plain to see)

The seeds from you and me

Gon' be the ones to lead us towards unity

That's if we treat them right

Man, teach them right

Raise your kids better than you was

And see what it does

But if you don't

Man, we sure to be dumb

And we'll all see exactly why the goods die young

(We ain't lyin' man)

Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)

It seems the good die young (tell me why)

Can anybody tell me why

Can anybody tell me why

(the good die young)

Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)

It seems the good die young (die young)

Can anybody tell me why (tell me why)

Can anybody tell me why

(the good die young)

[2Pac:]

I send this out for all my homeboys that passed away

And all yo' homeboys that passed away

I send this out to all the former fallen soldiers

That's in the cemeteries buried

Never got to see they dreams

For everything I touch you touch

For every step I take you take

For every breath I breathe you breathe

Every dollar I make you make

I told you we'd make it to the sunshine one day

You just got there a little quicker

But like my homeboys Thugs say

I'll catch ya at the crossroads

The good die young

This song is dedicated to all them

Young kids that died innocent

That died young

At Columbine High

Rest in Peace (Oklahoma)

Outlawz

(Lil' yummy Sandifer

Tasha Harlins, all them

All the fallen kids

The dead babies

The closed caskets)

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell,
Young Val

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Killuminiati"

[2Pac:]

Makaveli the Don, break on 'em!
Ah put ya, ah put ya hands on ya, hands on ya heater
Hands on ya, hands on ya heater, hands on ya, hand...

[2Pac:]

Let it be prophesized; niggas'll die because your crew's goon
Around the way niggas get murdered by the full moon
Heard it in whispered tones
Niggas is bold and they choose to roll
I kill 'em all, watch now, nigga, truth be told
Westside was the war cry, look how they scatter
Niggas dyin' by my 30-yard, brains'll splatter
Wonder why these niggas cross me, I'm certified crazy
So sick the world made me
Now diggy-die, every time I ride is for reasons
Hard to kill a nigga cause I'm comin' back like Jesus
Bow down to my ill nation, runnin' from drug cases
Lookin' at my congregation so full of thug faces
Momma gave a nigga breath, a life of stress
I invest in a vest and makin' niggas watch they every step
Label me a threat and I ain't even got started with this shit yet
Thug style, baby, hands on my pistol, listen
I'm a ridah, every nigga breathin' pay attention
'Bout to show you motherfuckers how it feel to drop a body
A simple glimpse of my lifestyle, Killuminati...

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]

(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]

After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's pain
Even though we broke for the moment, we'll be ballin' again
'Til I make it, yo, my military be prepared for them bustaz
Similar to bitches too scary, get too near me, we rushin'
Visions of over-packed prisons, millions of niggas thug livin'
Pressures and three strikes, I hope they don't test us
They pull the heat out, ammunition in crates
Psssh! Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place

They got me fiendin' for currency, the money be callin'
It's like I'm - dreamin', seein' scenes of me ballin'
Participated in felonious behavior
Cock the cocked 45, snatchin' niggas pagers
Labeled a mark soon as we start, it was hard to quit
We started out drinkin' 40's, moved to harder shit
God damn, now I'm a grown man, I follow no man
Nigga got my own plan, and it's called Killuminati

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
Killuminati
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[E.D.I. Amin:]
I spend most of my time bankin', niggas
Because they hate a nigga, comin' across fake niggas
But we made niggas, old school and I'm thinkin'
Y'all some bitch made niggas and you steadily sinkin'
O-U-T, L-A-W-Z, ain't nothing fuckin' with that
We bustin' back, comin' back for the stacks
Laugh last, cash cash, all I want is the paper
Givin' them fuckers tool whips, I rule haters
Y'all can't fade us, we kill, steal and peal quickly
The boss niggas, definitely, put it down strictly
E.D.I. Amin, until the law come for me
Kill 'em all for shorty, '99 Killuminati

[Kadafi:]
They got me thinkin' strugglin' and hustling's my only fate
Toppin' grams on the kitchen plate
Tryin' to keep that money straight
Times is rolling three up these streets sleep
But when I crack, hammer cocked back, rapped in my sheets
My life's been crossed, crooked since a seed
It hurts, got a package from the devil, payin' my deeds
Preoccupied by the greed in this crooked life I lead
More funds to spend or bigger guns to squeeze
Me and my thugs clock G's, sippin' naughty thangs
Real as these tats on my body, and it's Killuminati

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!

(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
 Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
 Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]

(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
(Makaveli up in this bitch, worldwide mash, Westside
 (Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
The question we ask, do you know what time it is?
 You know what type of shit we be
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
You want that hip-hop real, it's that hip-hop that's real
Hold it down, hold it down! Hip-hop that's worldwide, feel?
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
 Fuck with me, nigga, you get killed!
 It don't get no realer than this
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
 What's my motherfuckin' name, nigga?
 My niggas, we all bad
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
 What's my muh'fuckin name, nigga?
 What's my muh'fuckin name?
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Outlawz in this bitch, Death Row at its finest
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
 Repeat! Death Row at it's finest
 Nigga, you know what time it is
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)... Outlawz...

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Cosmo Hickox, The Outlawz

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Teardrops And Closed Caskets"

(feat. Val Young)

(hahhh, hahaha) Hehehe, word

It's like all we got left – teardrops and closed caskets

(Throw it up, fool! Hey, nigga, haha)

Tell me how you feel, homie

[2Pac (Outlawz):]

(Yeah, it took a week to go down)

You recollects and see how crazy it sounds

The whole town's on a mission, adolescents (Penitentiary bound)

(Now introducin' Young Trigga)

Since birth, eyes set on gettin' bigger

Just another wild-ass nigga

(But he was fiendin' for Precious) WHAT?

(But Precious was a ghetto girl)

Couldn't be no sex without that gold Lexus

(But Lil' Trigga was heartbroken, he had to get his papers)

Seein' visions of people smokin' and niggas catchin' vapors

Got his man from around the corner (we call him Lil' Mo)

(Been in so many reform schools they had to let him go)

(Here's where the plot thickens)

They got a plot to make a profit with they Glocks spittin'

(They call the squad, hittin' blocks with they guns blowin')

(Somebody's gonna die tonight)

Still no one's knowin' so they kept goin'

Catchin' dealers comin' out they cars

(Will they survive? Two semi-automatic 9's)

(them niggas died)

(Plus nobody in the hood cries)

(It's like they celebrate to death and wish they could die)

So peep the lesson, but wait a minute, back to Precious

She's snortin' dope in the back seat of Trigga's Lexus

Teardrops and closed caskets

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)..

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[2Pac (Outlawz):]

(Don't let these ghetto streets get you), Precious

(was the victim, from a dime to a nickel)

Hopping God's blessings stick with ya

Picture the neighborhood kingpin, who's gettin' bigger

Familiar face, but a man now, it's Lil' Trigga

Now Lil' Mo was a soldier to the fullest

Down for his homies, always the first to spit bullets

(All he wanted was to be a thug)

(Never pictured his truest homeboy would fall in love)

(Here's where it gets ya)

Now Precious is pregnant, Lil' Trigga is happy

He wants to marry her now (not knowin' he ain't the daddy)

But Precious was lonely, while Lil' Trigga was makin' dough

(She's slippin' in secret places and gettin' with Lil' Mo)

The neighborhood's buzzin', now people are talkin'

Lil' Trigga's gettin' pictures of the both of 'em walkin'

(Hand in hand, couldn't understand)

How his baby's mama could disappear with another man (and his best friend)

Now jealousy's dangerous, and if you don't believe me

Then watch the way that this story ends and maybe you'll see

There ain't no heroes or villains, ain't no pleasure in killin'

Just the smoke from the cap peelin', a man with no feelings

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

(Bury you dead and look ahead)

(a man with no feelings)

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[Outlawz:]

Now with the problems of poverty and the tricks to these tales

How many people'll die? How many'll live to tell?

Although best friends before, Lil' Trigga and Mo

They in an all out war, over a fiend they ain't know

Behind the curtains their privacy lust is already laid down

The results is the same with different names and it turns out

[2Pac:]

Y'all know how it is, same old thing in the same old town

Lil' Trigg got his nose wide open on this one trick

Now he's played out

[2Pac (Outlawz):]

Think it's Lil' Mo (was plottin' plans on gettin' bigger)

(Precious was his way to put his hands on Lil' Trigga)

All the while let's look at Precious, too dumb to see what's goin' down (too doped up to ask questions)

Used to be comrades (but now we blast on sight)

What could be so bad? (God, will we last tonight?)

From misdemeanors to felonies, small-time to sellin' ki's

I can't believe the shit they tellin' me

They opened fire, three bodies dropped, so call the cops

(Precious, Lil' Mo and Trigg – teardrops and closed caskets)

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

[2Pac:]

Aye, QDIII in this motherfucker

We dedicate this to all the fallen comrades (that's right)

All the homies that didn't make it to see this day

(rest in peace)

Yaknahmean? I know it's hard out there, heheh

With teardrops and closed caskets

It's like that's all we got to look forward to these days

Murders, brothers dyin', funerals

Shit, it's like I done ran out of suits, homie

I done ran out of tears

Know we gon' have to do something y'all

We gon' have to do something

'Cause I know all these mothers is tired of seeing the same thing (rest in peace)

I send this out to Mutulu and Geronimo

And to all the fallen comrades, all the soldiers

(to the homie Boonie, rest in peace, nigga)

All the homies that fell, all the homies

May God bless your families

May you always live in the motherfuckin' heart

In a thug nigga's heart forever (that's right)

Rest in peace, nigga

May your enemies be deceased, dead on the streets

We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Tattoo Tears"

[2Pac:]

Live back at 'cha Westside baby

Aight fuck it, we gone flip some new shit now

You heard "All Eyez on Me," niggas know what time it is

(Makaveli the Don) 'Pac do it like that

Rhyming and stealing, selling five million

(Outlaw... ninety-nine)

Fresh out on bail, niggas still can't see me

(Napoleon, E.D.I, Young Noble, Fatal Hussein)

That's how it is

Now we got a new motherfuckin' plan, and a new mission

(Makaveli the Don, Greg Nice, Outlaw - Outlaw)

Competition, so they say, these niggas is gay

(Outlaw - Outlaw)

Blast me? It could never happen

At least not while I'm walking and rapping

Heard of some niggas on the other side of town who wanna ride wit me

(Throw ya hands up, hands up)

They can't hide, listen to the rough shit, my click

(Throw ya motherfuckin' hands up)

I said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handling stress in this shit for years

Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I

Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handling stress in this shit for years

Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Now, Rock-a-bye baby, I'm thugged out and so crazy

Don't want to hurt a soul nigga, so don't make me

I got a dream to see my whole team in Lexus Coupes

My enemies dead n buried, now the stress is through

But that's a dream, though it seems like reality; there'll

Never be peace long as there's fiends on these Cali streets

Even on the other side brothers die, but ride

Niggas get high off a slow form of suicide

Hide the closest thoughts, the war is fought as casualties

I live my life to fucking mo', expound tragically

How can we find some peace and niggas still ain't get a piece

I know I'm probably hellbound, but we got to eat

I'm seeing Satin infiltrating; my military mind

Make me hustle all the time, go out for cash making

Forgive my adversaries they don't understand what we go through

To become a man, we shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac + Young Noble:]

I said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handle stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
 Said many times busters still can't see
 Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
 Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been, handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
 Said many times busters still can't see
 Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been, handling stress in this shit for years
 Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac:] Thugged out baby!

[Young Noble:]
We don't shed tears we shed blood
Do you still wanna be a thug? HUH? WHAT?
 We don't shed tears we shed blood
 Do you still wanna be a thug?

Yo, criminal ways of thinking made me crave Abe Lincolns
The days I spent stinking caught victims on the weekends
 Seeking a better path, expose a better half of me
 Blast for me, the task after me
 For a few years shedding tattooed tears
Like Gram' Sammy, we feuding for the whole damn family
 We scarred up, homies is barred up for mad time
 Outlawz locked down for some past crimes
 Fast dimes made my stash grow smaller
 Your block ain't no harder, fake baller

[Napoleon:]
Nigga it's like this
 I been thuggin just for the cause of it
 Out to get all of it, but I'll never loose my balls and shit
 And it's all for the pressure
 That'll make me cock my shit up off the dresser
 Made nigga mafia of course my niggas gonna test ya
 Answers to the questions, bullets to my Smith N' Wesson
 Still stucked up in a fuck session, Jersey where the niggas flexing
 Po-po's guessing if the stolen car gonna do a drive-by
 Wet em up from his shoulders, leave him bye-bye
 Now mama cry-cry, but it ain't my time to either die-die
 So ask me why-why, but I feel that God owe me my life
 For the things he did, but I turn my pleasure into sin
 Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
 Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[Kadafi:]

Shit... ain't no unity in my community it's do or die
Seein' my opportunities through these bars of hell while getting high
As life replays like time; underhanded schemes
To get that cream and thangs while living this life of crime
My enemies want me squeezed
They get dumped like 3's, with 57 wasted at they knees
Please beware we thugs revolution size
Criminals dare be last mental me institutionalize
Locked down, got many shell shocked, now
Holding down fort like I'm stuck in court cell block style

[Kastro:]

Yo I been losing sleep, stay awake way past late
Visions of killers en masse at the blast mayne
As I lay here gatted down and tatted
Knowing now it's hard to slow down for a addict
It's been years of struggling, guzzling beers
Beefin and never even, ain't no love in the air
And I suffer my shit in hell, talking to the heavens
Walking through the valley of death with my fellas
I lost a lot, starting with hope I tried
And for every tattoo I got a moment I cried
I'm through with the lies, the two in my eyes, yell pain
Step in my shoes, nuttin to lose, but my brain
I'mma hold it down tho', with all the struggle to bear
Ain't nothing to fear, crying these tattooed tears
Come on...

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Fula Yafeu A, Ayers Roy

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"U Can Be Touched"

[Napoleon talking:]

Life... What the fuck is life for niggas like us?
Been wakin' up to another muthafuckin' day
I'm the type of soldier
A nigga that seen everything in my mothafuckin' eyes
I seen my parents get killed to my mothafuckin' eyes
I seen my brother kill himself in my eyes
I seen 'Pac, Yak die in the struggle in my eyes
So I know anybody can be touched, you know what I mean?

[Napoleon:]

Oh God, forgive me, somebody please say a prayer for me
Needed my parents, but they was never there for me
Believe in everything they feed me, I'm seein' demons
I wake up screamin', who believe me or was I dreamin'?
Five fingers on the .45 chrome
Dead aim at my brain, infrared with no lights on
I ain't afraid to die, I want to see what's after this
I'm livin' blind, writin' rhymes 'til they capture this
And if we die, let the world understand why
Soldier my eyes, hate to see a young thug cry
They seein' us inside a casket, that's how they see us
Oh God, forgive us ghetto bastards, we human beings
They leavin' us inside this hell-hole
Just waitin' to fail, so then they tell us that's what jail fo'
Adolescent young teens turned violent
It's floatin', in a world turned silent, cuz you could be touched

[2Pac:]

Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched
Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

[E.D.I.:]

I live life high speed, movin' a million miles per hour
Towards my destiny, makin' decisions carelessly
Yeah, it's me, yo' nigga man child
Bomb first, stand proud, ain't lookin' for hand-outs
25 years up in this bitch
And I'll be damned if I ain't leavin' rich and leave my kids a grip
I let my blood drip off in this thug shit, you can be touched
I catch you slippin' while I'm on a money mission
Like right now, 30 dollars to my John Hancock
Try to get more so my shit don't flock
I lick off shots for everything they owe me

And when it's my time to go I pray the Lord hold me

[Kastro:]

I was born in the city that never sleeps
Schooled by the realest of the real niggas that ever breathed
And I was big when I was young
And now I see that I was dumb
My nigga, Lonnie just got hit with 10
10 years for trustin' a friend, they left him stuck in the Pen'
I love him, we all here just to die here
Plus, nobody cares what got here
Touched by a angel and kissed by the Lord
Praise the thug ways and I'll never be bored
Touched, by a angel and kissed by the Lord
Y'all praise the thug ways, so forever it's on, baby

[2Pac:]

My young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched
Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

[Young Noble:]

Why grieve this life, planted by the fiends and pipes?
Green lights so I'm seein'-seein' everything twice
Pretty much of nothin' nice, we suckin' it up
Even when we get a job, we fuckin' it up
Like it can't happen to us, I could never be a bum
Yeah, right, you wound up one
God forbid I'm touched, y'all keep livin' it up
Look and learn, next it could be your turn... word

[Kadafi:]

Yes, this a felonies' hobby that got me here, thinkin' robbery
Day to day all year long, Teflon protects my body
It's such unimportant in this criminal cartel
I'm caught and supportin' me
So in these streets of hockey I play the goalie
Secrets of war licks, and score shit
Share between clients and homies
Remember what Pacino told me
Before he past, watch them clowns with them crocodile smiles
Cause they phony, I get that cash, stay lonely
And I'm point like a thong, and it's survival of the strong
Livin' outside the laws of this crooked world I was born
Touched...

[2Pac:]

My young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): J. Jackson, M. Beale, Y. Fula, K. Cox, M. Greenidge, R. Cooper, B. Washington

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Y'all Don't Know Us"

[*Young Noble:*]

Yo, I can see, that you obviously, don't know me
Or my homies We O-U-T Lawz, fuck the phonies
A wise hustler once told me
"It's on you", though in his dreams when he first told me
Now it's true, I got love for you
Only to a certain extinct, niggas ain't worth shit
Cops and ride dick permits
I heard this and heard that about them O-U-T Lawz
Some of them soldiers got shot, some of them soldiers fell off
Fuck y'all now everybody tied to us
Hollerin' out a nigga name, but never said what up
That shit critical, despicable, unforgivable
[?] like I blew yo' own, fan won't remember you
Thuggin' but we still spiritual, clear lyrical
I'm like the fuckin' Deff Squad, my ears ain't hearin' y'all
Pump fearin' y'all, but damn I ain't even wantin' to scare y'all
Listen to what I tell y'all, fuck the world
Your baby moms, and your baby girl
You muthafuckas so fake, yo they made me wanna earl
Blake, hate snakes thug hatin' the degree
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
Thug niggas

[*Young Noble:*]

We, will never, fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers
And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

[*Napoleon:*]

Now I've been trapped down, and fucked from day one
This indestructible style of mine, ain't no fun
Where I'm from, you sure to see about 10 niggas in a bedroom
Eatin' off the same spoon, sweepin' with the same broom
It's hazard, if you don't want yo life, well give me grab it
I was born inside a love zone, with a Glock-nine young marriage
It's critical
Then one of them sat down livin' so mystical
And influenced with a heart full of anger it's so ridiculous
So give me some with 21-gun soldier salute
With a 19-inch black handle snake knife in my boots
Straight from the strong, thug to your life
Right into yo' wrong, I'll put the good to yo' evil
I'm the shells to your chrome, you dig that?
I'm life, I'll bring the moon to your night
I'll put the dick to your wife
And I'm the Jesuz of your Christ
You dig that? Respect this

I'll bring the end to your claw
I'll bring the loc to your heart, and I'll put the snoop on yo dogs
You hear me?
We follow, this little bullet so hollow
I can promise that ecstasy ain't promised tomorrow
With this two man mades, me and my soul death astrayed
I watch my parents get blowed away
Now look what it made
I'm something to face
This ludacy then with me, then with chemistry
Got my eyes on you, the first time you cross me
I'll be fryin' you, cause y'all don't know me

[*Young Noble:*]
We will never fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

[*E.D.I.:*]
When we was kids, the lovin' felt good
But of course have the respect, though it's even better
Now for this chedder, niggas is layin' deader
Then Malcom and Martin, put together
Oh Lord only knows, where we'll end up
Remember
'Pac said: Watch the fuckin' signs
But we wasn't listenin', too busy trippin off his shine
Now one time for my muthafuckin' Outlawz
Napoleon, Noble, and Kastro, may we all roll
And if you don't know, we got the rap game petro
Scared cause we 'bout to release, like heavy metal
Nationwide, underground, we runnin' the ghettos
Stealin' all of ya fan base, like we kleptos
Bitch I can't let go
I been strugglin' too long, thuggin' too long
And niggas is stealin' my shit, and bustin' it wrong
Hot shots holla back, when you get 'em
Outlawz'll sic 'em, bustin' back at the system
Military wisdom, preparin' myself for Armageddon
Breakin' my balls at this game, knowin' it's a dead end
And my only weapon is my believe that I'm superior
Yeah, we the muthafuckas you niggas is liery off
Controlling my steam, knowin' my team, to serve more
Fuck the reframe, stick to the game and earn more
Holdin' my head, rollin' the head with focus
Laughin' inside, cause deep inside, y'all don't know us

[*Young Noble:*]
We will never fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers
And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us
We will never fall (Never)
Through it all, we'll always stand tall
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

[E.D.I. talking:]

Ain't never know niggas like us boy
They don't make niggas like us no more
Thug in Peace... to all my niggas (Never)
See ya soon... uh

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah W Beale, Rufus Lee Cooper, Malcolm Greenidge, Kamil Beale, Muntaqim Farid